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The shallow brook That o'er its pebbles, brawling, runs away, And turns with every break of land or stone, Vexing the air with plaint of heavy burden, While but froth and straws it carries, Enows not the deep, still lake so near, That, slent, covers its unnumbered dead, While on its broad breast, to and fro,

The thousand ships of commerce go.
So our lives.
The narrow mind, loud volced o'er pretty things,
Knows not the silent souls a near—
Dreams not of depths or heights beyond its own, Or burdens borne in patient stillness.

—Louise Houghton.

A LOVE SICK PANTHER.

"It's me a sayin' of it ez shouldn't,
Squire," remarked the Old Settler, "but
be, I'll give the paint'er the slip!"
"That night she showed by her nosin' at
"That night she showed by her nosin' at sekently I'll hef to own up th't w'en l other gals fell to pinin', an' I felt sorry | shoulder! for 'em an' made up my mind th't wouldn't be so mean as to gone an' turned down the light an' wants Suse hev me all the time, to set up an' spark jest like a real gal!" an' c'ncluded to give the rest of 'em the huskin'. I said I wa'n't comin' fer her at all, but were goin' to galavant Mag Me-Jaggers. Suse got a little red, an' up an' says th't she didn't think, b'gosh, th't for a man ez were going to marry her 'twere 'dzactly the caper fer him to be runnin' round the kentry with ev'ry other Tom. Dick an' Harry of a gal th' were in the deestric'. The wind offen a yeller bird's wing could ha' knocked me over, squire, I was so sot back. I says to Suse wasn't that a leetle suddent? an' Suse says it mowt be or it mowt'n't. I says w'en is it a comin' off? an' she says th't a week f'm Toosd'y were a handy time, an' th't she'd sot it for that day.

"Susa were so durn cool an' pos'tive bout it th't my tongue cluv to the ruff o' my mouth. I got it down pooty soon

" Suse, says I, 'we'll drop this right here. I'll alluz be a brother to ye, an' '-"'Brother be durned!' says Suse. T've got seven brothers a'ready, jist seven more th'n I want,' she says. 'W't I'm pinin' fer is a feller to cuddle up agin an' o pay for my caliker. I've sot my heart onto you, she says, 'an' th' hain't no more to say. Ye kin galavant Mag Me-Jaggers t'mor' night, she says, but that's the last. A week f'm Toosd'y you an' me

"Suse's squeejeed eye shifted to the wind ard a leetle more'n over, but her worth a red hot poker through a shingle. I didn't go to the huskin', but pilin' straight fer ham I shouldered my gen an' struck fer the woods. I never stopped till I got way beyont Wild Gander ridge, an thar I pitched my tent, so to speak, an' 'mongat

the b'ars an' the wolves an' the panthers found peace, till one day I tumbled twenty feet down a ledge, losin' my gun an' wrenching my leg so I couldn't stan' up. I drug m'self long the feet o the ledge till I kim to an open spot, an' thar I foun' a couple o' good sized caves in the rocks. It were comin on night, so I pulled inter one of the caves to stay till mornin', w'en I thought I could drag back to my cabin. I don't know how long! slep', but w'en I 'woke the cave were al' of a tremble. It didn't take me long to figure out w'at made it. Th' were a paint'er sleepin' long o' me in that cave.

an' jist more th'n purrin'! Fust along I wished I were back to Sugar Swamp, but then I 'membered th't that very day were the Toosday week th't Suse had sot, an' I shet my eyes an'

"'I'm safer here, b'goshl' says L "But how I did wish for little Dominie never weighed more'n ninety pound in his life, and wasn't much taller'n

an' woke the paint'er up. The paint'er away from villages and farms.—Carter riz, stretched itself half way 'crost the Harrison in Chicago Mail. cave, an' then gaped an' showed me the passin' ez soon ez the paint'er were ready over to me. It put its fore paws on me an' looked plumb in my face. Th' wa'n't

bashful ez you ever see. She were gone fer a couple hours, an' then she kim boundin' back ag'in an' fetched with her a nice fat lamb!

"Hain't this paint'er actin' a leetle queer?" I says. "Or is this the way they

do w'en they hev company?" "I didn't stop to argy, but in less time th'n I kin tell it, squire, them woods was bein' scented with their fust sniff o' roast lamb. The paint'er kep' a glancin' at me outen a corner of her eya. She stayed by me all day, an' 'fore night she'd got over her bashfulness, an' were settin' right long side o' me, lookin' inter my face ez gentle ez a fawn, an' a purrin' like a cat on the h'arth, only twenty times louder. "To cut this conterbution to nat'ral

hist'ry short, squire, afore night the nex' day the 'stoundin' truth busted in on ma, an' I felt like tearin' my hair an' thumpin' my head agin the rocks. "Tve 'scaped f'm Suse an' the gals o' Sugar Swamp, says L 'I skinned away, b'gosh, f'm their love in the clearin's, an' were findin' peace in the wildernest, says

I, 'an' now w'at do I strike? A paint'er,'

says L 'A female paint'er sees me, an'

arter seein' me.' says l. 'goes an' falls

heels over head and dead in love with mel Gosht'l-mighty!' I says; 'Hain't none o'

the sex proof agin me? braidin' a snare to ketch some big trout I had seen in a brook nigh the cave. Havin' no string, I had chopped with my jack-knife a lock o' hair offen my head to braid an' twist inter a piece long an' strong enough to make the snare. The loose lock I had put in a flat tin t'backer box th't I giner'ly carried by a buckskin string round my neck, so's I couldn't lose it, t'backer bein' sca'ce an' high. The diskivery o' the paint'er's hankerin' fer me knocked all hankerin' fer trout outen me, wife's looks."

an' I limped away to think it over, leavin'

the box whar it laid.

me, an' her giner'l bearin', that she'd like were young I were a tearer mongst the to see me in her cave. I lit a big pine gala. It got to be so round the Sugar knot, carried it inside, and stood it in one Swamp deestrie' th't if th' was any gals rorner. The torch was a trifle flickerin', with their hearts cracked wuss'n an old but it made the cave light all over. I set chany teapot the crackin' of 'em. b'gosh. down on a rock. Bimeby the paint'er were laid right squar' to me, ev'ry time. went over to the pine knot an' scratched Thar were Suse Livingoose. Suse's left an pawed at the light till she put it all eye had a way o' shyin' 'round to wind- out but a little flicker at the top. Then 'ard, an' she were a leetle sot in her ways; she kinder edged to'ards me, bashful and but one year I took to shinnin' with her to all the doin's th' was Bimeby the squar' in my lap an' laid her head on my

" 'Gosh t'lmighty!' says I, 'if she hain't

an' c'ncluded to give the rest of 'em a show. The day afore Bijah Loon's carin' a durn w'ether I hurt her feelin's or corn huskin' I were glidin' by Suse's house not Nex' mornin', my leg bein' better, I an' she hailed me an' wanted to know felt cheered up, an' so I says I'd hev that w'at time I were comin' fer her to go to mess o' trout 'fore I run away f'm the love sick paint'er anyhow, but I couldn't find my t'backer box an' hair. The paint-'er 'd gone on her reg'lar mornin's markstin', an' I were 'spectin' her back ev'ry minute. W'ile I were lookin' fer my Cbacker box I see her a comin' down the ridge. She were carryin' sumpin' in her mouth th't looked queer. I were wonderin wit w'at it could be, w'en she bounced inter the openin' an' laid her marketin' on the ground. I give one look at it an' kim nigh jumpin' plumb outen my skin, fer thar laid little Dominie Ripper, havin' been lugged in by the paint'r f'm some-whar by the seat of his buckskin breeches! I flopped the Dominie over an' soon fetched him to. I helped him up on his feet, an' he looked 'round with his eyes hangin' out like 'the big eend of a banty hen's egg. The paint'er kim up to me an' put her paws on my chist, an' she never looked so durn lovin' at me afore. Wile she were lookin' th' kim a report like a small clap o' thunder, an' my paint'er fell dead at my feet. The little Dominie stood on t'other side o' her with a pistol nigh a foot long, an' he had sent all th't it held clean through the paint'er's brain. I looked down at her ez she lay thar dead, an' sumpin shiny on her breast ketched my eye. I stooped down Lavin' plumb over her heart, an' fasten'd

> were my tin t'backer box, with th' lock o' "Squire, that were a tetchin' sight, an',

'round her neck by the buckskin string.

b'gosh, I had to blubber!
"I tol' the Dominie the story o' the been waylaid by her an' yanked in afore he could say boo

'Eut w'at in under the blue cannerpy did she want to fetch you in for? I says. Did she think I had a tooth fer Dominie an' buckskin breeches?"

"'No, said the little Dominie 'Can't brate our diamond wedding, not with my ye see? says he. 'She'd sot her heart on havin' you,' says he, 'an' fetched me in to do the marryin', ez sure ez my name is Dominie Ripper!

But the squire was moving toward the door, and he went out without a word. leaving the old settler to muse alone on the queer things nature used to do in the olden time.-Ed Mott in Chicago Herald.

India's Troops of Monkeys. All along this road to this side of Ahmidabad we saw many troops of monkeys of all sizes, from that of a terrier dog up to a large setter-now romping over the fields close by the track, or springing from branch to branch on the trees, or sit-Ripper, o' Lost Crow Barren! The little ting up on some prominent limb wisely ing us as we whizzed by. They are sacred, and the natives never burt them, b'ar cub, an' he alluz wore buckskin although they are fearful thieves and breeches. But leetle as he were, wasn't make destructive raids upon fields and he a howler at distracted meetin's? He orchards. We also saw large numbers of could pound the power inter a six-foot- peacocks-noble birds, with tails and four sinner quicker'n I could ram down a plumage of great beauty They, too, are rifle ball, an' ez I lay thar listnin' to the sacred. A foreigner would be mobbed rattlin' purr o' that paint'er, I wished fer should be shoot one. They, as the monthe little dominie, not ez I thought he keys, are not wild, as travelers' books could rescoo me, but 'cause I kinder would lead us to suppose. They are free, wanted to git some p'ints ez to my chances and roam as they please, but are hardly after I had slid out f'm this vale o' tears | less tame than the same birds are on an "Mornin' kum a sneakin' inter the cave American farm. They are rarely seen far

openin' inter wich I thought I'd proberly be Peculiarities of Composite Photographs. A very curious point in composite photofor breakfas'. Then the paint'er tip toed graphs is that almost invariably this combined picture is that of a better looking person than any of the individuals who nothin' ugly lookin' in its eyes, but 'stid have contributed to it. Some of these o' that they was ez soft an' laughin' ez a photographs now lie before us. Here is gal's is w'en ye ast her if she'll go to the one which has been taken from a number candy pull. The paint'er were a big she of criminals, and, as we have just indione, an' arter lookin' at me for a minute cated, the picture is much better favored she walked out. I kinder felt easier. I than the various low browed, coarse couldn't git on my feet yit, so I drug my | mouthed individuals who have contributed self outside. The paint'er sot on the to make it up. Another picture we may ground a few feet away. She acted shy, call attention to as being a great contrast an' ez she'd ketch my eye her'n 'd drop ez to the last, this is a group of ten girls who are the members of a literary club. "Wull, ez I begun to feel safe, I got The picture is that of a bright looking, Th' wa'n't nothin' in the intellectual girl of about 19 years of age. paint'er's larder, an' I thort to m'self th't The face is thoughtful and the shape of the paint'er mowt jist as well ha' chawed | the head indicates great intellectual power. me up ez to let me set thar an' starve to The same observations are applicable to death. Wile I were ras'lin' with my another photograph which is before us, to stomick, the paint'er ris up an' went which several scientific men have con-boundin' away to'ard Lost Crow Barren tributed each his share.—Chambers' tributed each his share.—Chambers'

Sprewdness of a Planter. Negroes are deeply religious in character, though they maintain a too rigid separation between religion and morality. There was once a planter "up the coast," whose flocks and herds suffered from the depredations of his colored neighbors. His method of self-preservation was unique. He built a church which he presented to the negroes upon one condition. This condition was announced to the congregation from the pulpit by their minister. It was that so long as nothing was stolen from this planter's place so long would the sanctuary remain open, but upon the disappearance of the first article the church was to be closed never to be reopened. The plan worked faultlessly, and while other plantations suffered as of old, the originator of this scheme possessed his goods in peace.-New York Post,

Geography in Blackville. Teacher-I have here a hemisphere, which is half of an orange. Now, what have I? Prolific Genius—A half ob a orange, Miss

The other day a man was walking slowly ap Miami avenue and encountered a man walking hurriedly down. They ran into each other, both drew off and apologized, and the

"I've been so mad all the morning I couldn't see straight." "Nothing serious, I hope." "Well, my wife had some photos taken and

one in a hurry added:

the artist made a botch job. I'm now on my way to punch his head." "Can I see them?" They were exhibited, and after a careful ion the gentleman said

"My friend, you are way off. The work is well done, and you ought to be proud of your "Do you mean it?"

"Certainly. There are not ten as hand some women in Detroit," "It's a fact, and the work is that of a

real artist. You should be more than satis-"Weil, I declare! I guess I've been too basty, and I'il drop the matter right here. Glad I didn't punch the photographer's "Yes, so am I," said the other to himself as

he went his way.

It was the artist himself.—Detroit Free

Taste, Not Necessity. Philanthropist (in the office of an old friend, a building contractor)-John, if I had to live on blood money as you do I'd retire and start a peanut stand.

ccessful Builder-Blood money! What "Look at those house plans you're studying over now, miserable hovels, twenty in a row, packed so close together that not even a fly could get between them, horrible little dens with rooms not big enough to stretch out in, no chance for air, cleanliness or anything else. Is it any wonder people crowded to-gether that way get steeped in vice and degradation, any wester the unfortunate

Poor! Great Casar, man, the plans are for rich men's cottages at summer resorts."
"Oh!"—Omaha World.

The Point of It. Jones had married the prettiest woman in town and Brown had married the homeliest and thought she was beautiful. One evening they were talking about their respective bet-

ter halves, and B. remarked: "I say, Jones, I think you and I married the two pretriest women in town." Jones looked at him in surprise a moment,

but he saw he was serious, "Well," he replied, cautiously, and with pride, "I guess you are about half right, old Brown didn't see the point until he told his wife. - Washington Critic.

Deafness a Pleasure. "I am told, sir, that you are quite hard of

"Your information was correct, but what "I can cure deafness in a month, and if I can't cure you I will charge nothing."
"Why, I wouldn't be cured for a thousand

"You wouldn't? Why not?" "My daughter plays the piano."—Nebraska State Journal.

Young Lady—(in hotel office, uneasily waiting for uniform and buttons to come over in the fort)-Why doesn't that man come? don't want to sit around here all morning

lusbing, but bold)-Um-er-Ibeg cour pardon, Miss, but if it would be any accommodiction I could hold your hands for ou,-Washington Critic.

Another Superstition. Ancient Dame-No, indeed, we'll not cele-

consent, it's unlucky. Husband-Never heard of that before.
"It's so. I remember half a dozen couples who celebrated diamond weddings and they didn't any of 'em live ten years."—Omaha



"Why, these are not the shoes I ordered," exclaimed the lady of the house, with exrems vexation; "this is a pair of \$10 French I can't afford such shoes as these." "Beg pardon, madam," said the messenger but you've opened the wrong package. This \$5 pair is yours. The other vas ordered by the hired girl."-Chicago

No Time to Lose. ner (to graduating medical student) If you should make a mistake and give a patient an overdose of tartar emetic what would you dof Student-Try to buy up the coroner.-Chicago Tribune

A Family Man. are you a man of family, sir?" he said to a timid little chap, who had a nervous way of looking over his shoulder. "Yes, sir," was the reply; "my wife has a trained husband and four children."—New York lection. A Light Luncheon.

Beef soup, cup of coffee, roast lamb, baked beans, omions, tomatoes, cucumbers, mince pie—an' be spry about it; my train leaves in just 6 minutes.—Life. A Bloody Tragedy at Every Clip. Sardou will have to look to his laurels as a

Customer (to waiter)-Here, John, take

prolific producer of plays. There is a Park row barber who every time he shaves you brings out a new piece.—Judge. A Homely Adage Hlustrated. A certain fat man within ten miles of Bur-ington has a very thin wife. The boys have nicknamed them "enough" and "too spare." Burlington Free Press.

Some tramp recently decorated, in the night, the great door of Sing Sing (N. Y.) prison with the legend, "Hair cut while you wait."-Exchange.

Leonard W. Volk, the Chicago sculptor, says that once when taking a plaster cast of President Lincoln's hands he detected a sear on the left thumb. Noticing that it had attracted his attention the president said: "You have heard me called a rail splitter; well, one day while sharp ening a wedge on a log the axe glanced off and nearly took the end of my thumb off. That's the scar."—New York World.

A rural youth calls the new district school marm "Experience," because she is a dear teacher.—Detroit Free Press.

A NOTED HORSE GONE. Dexter, Once the World's Pastest Trotter,

Has Passed Away The great Dexter is dead. He died recently of old age in the stables | nized or not. They expect to see a of Robert Bonner, at New York, having paper full of news, yet they will not lived exactly thirty years. The body was contribute a farthing to its support, sent by Mr. Bonner to Tarrytown to be

Dexter lies. Mr. Bonner draws the line are not objects of charity and do not in monuments at horses. Dexter was foaled in 1858. He was got value received for all business in the by Hambletonian out of a fittle black mare way of advertising they get. Those by American Star, and she was out of men who take this charity view of the Shark's dam. Dexter was a brown geiding matter are unmindful that the adverof rich color, with four white legs and a tising columns of a newspaper are the blaze in his face. He was fifteen hands index of the prosperity of their own deep through the heart and very powerful

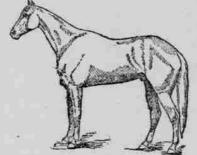
in his loins and quarters. His head, neck

and eyes were good, and he had capital

oblique shoulders, and good legs and feet.

He was bred by Jonathan Hawkins, of Montgomery, Orange county, N. Y. In 1862 the late Mr. George Alley went up to Orange county to look at the colt, not then broken. Being fascinated with the appearance of the animal Mr. Alley bought him for \$400, and sent him to New Rochelle. There he was broken by her owner, and soon after sent to a professional trainer, John Mingo, and afterwards to

Hiram Woodruff. Mr. Woodruff trotted Dexter a mile in 2:42, and soon after in 2:814. Dexter made his first race on May 4, 1864, at the Fashion course for a purse of \$100. There were twelve entries and four starters, including Dexter, Stonewall Jackson of New York, a fast bay golding the chestout mare Lady Collins, and Gen. Grant, a brown



DEXTER.

gelding. The trot was mue heats, three in five, in harness. Hiram Woodruff drove Dexter, and when they got off in the first heat, at once took the lead with him. and the others in 2:86 and 2:84], respect-

best record he ever made.

retired him from the track.

Dexter's record has since been broken. The road's principal traffic will come by a few seconds, but the track on which from the coal fields, which are dethe mile, and there have been improve bituminous coal. The copper and si paraphernalia generally.

William B. Dinsmore.

William B. Dinsmore, the president of the Adams Express company, died lately disc, while \$10 per ton is charged for at his home in New York. Mr. Dinsmore was born in Boston in When 11 years of age he was sent to New Hampshire to live on a farm owned by a friend of his father. After tiring of farm life he returned to Bos-

ton, where, after WILLIAM B. DINSMORE. some changes, he [Photo. by Pach.] finally established a saddlery business. While so engaged he formed the acquaint- the Maricopa & Phenix Railroad, the ance of Alvin Adams, who was then about starting an express for the conveyance of Company will charge one fare for the letters and small packages between Boston | round trip over their lines. The Tex and New York by the Norwich boats and as & California Stage Co. between by rail. Mr. Adams sent the young man | Florence and Casa Grande and the Norto New York, where he struggled for a ton stage line between Wilcox and year or two in an uphill road, full of hard Grant will pass all teachers free; all work. Young Dinsmore was just the other stage lines in Graham County one, however, for a battle of this kind. and he put his shoulders to the wheel and the Atlantic and Pacific are to issue with an energy and a steadiness of appli- one rate tickets for the round trip. The cation which set the express business information regarding when and at going as he desired it. This took him on what stations tickets will be for sale until 1842.

American Exchange bank and in the Pennsylvania and Erie railroads at the time of his death. He was also a member of several clubs in this city, among them the Union League and the New York. He was throughout his life one to respond to the

Cooks for Jewish Children. The London school board has advertised for a "Jewish cookery instructor." The reason of this is said to be the large number of Jewish children in the schools, and the reputed ability of Jewish cooks to cook

some things, coarse fish, for instance,

He Knew the Hat.

"First rate. It looks much better than when I saw it last." "When did you see it last?" "When I took it to the second-hand store

to sell it."-Nebraska State Journal.

The Boy That Never Came The day had come, the wedding feast was spread, But was not touched. The guests went home un-The bride elect wept tears of wrath and shame-The absent groom, a youth of good repute, Had called a boy to bring his wedding suit. Long years have passed, but still, with eyes of

He's waiting for that boy that never came. A Willing Mistress, New Domestic-Just commencing house-

keeping, eh? Young Mistress—Yes, we have been boarding since we were married. "Do you know how to do housework,

Too many people labor under the impression that newspapers should be par excellence whether they are pat oburied in a choice spot on his farm there. | will give you an 'ad,' or a subscription, But no stone will mark the spot where to help you along." Newspaper men labor as such. They give more than and one inch high, long for his inches, town or city. A live paper full of bu iness advertisements is indicative of the welfare of a town, and is the best representation that could possibly be made. They attract homeseekers to a locality that would otherwise not come. Capitalists who are in search of landed investments are attracted by them. Of course all advertisements help the newspaper man, as a sale of goods help the business man, but at the same time, it benefits the one who advertises to a much greater extent than it does the printer. Any town ean have a good paper if it receives proper support. Just so with a business establishment. Advertising has done more to enrich men than anything else in the world. A man who fully understands what newspapers are, and what they do, never puts in an advertisement to help the printer along, but does it exclusively to benefit himself. It is a matter of legitimate businss, and not one of charity Encourage the business interests the printer, as he encourages the growth and business interests of your town, county and state, and a live,

energetic and newsy paper will fol-

progressing for building the Tucson, Globe & Northern railroad. The company succeeds the old Arizona Narrow Gauge Company, will construct a standard gauge line from Tucson to Globe, 110 miles, with a twenty-mile branch into the Deer creek coal fields. Dexter won the first heat easily in 2:33. The bonds are limited to \$20,000 per mile (\$2,000,000) and stock will be is sued at the same rate. The bonds are This was the beginning of a series of triumphs. On Aug. 14, 1867, at Buffalo, are secured by mortgage to the Amerin the presence of Mr. Bonner and Mr. ican loan and trust company of Bos-Fawcett, Dexter was driven by Budd ton, which mortgages include a sin' Doble to beat his own time. He was given ing fund provision. The building of one round as preparatory, and did it in the 130 miles is under contract and 2:21). At 4 o'clock he came on the track and will be pushed to completion as in harness, accompanied by the mare rapidly as possible. The company ha Chariotte F., with Ben Mace in the saddle. a contract with the Southern Pacific WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY He trotted the first quarter in 332 seconds. for a drawback on all freight inter-the half in 1-07, and the mile in 2:172, the changed. The Southern Pacific will give the Tueson, Globe & Northern 50 Dexter had been sold but not delivered cents per ton on all freight which carns to Mr. Bonner for £35,000. The sale after the former less than 2 cents per ton this race become known and Mr. Bonner per mile, and \$1 per ton on all freight earnings over 2 cents per ton per mile he made 2:17; was 27 feet 8 inches over scribed as very rich in a fine quality ments since in sulkies and horse trotting ver mining interests of the section also are large. At present the freight in the country is hauled by teams, wago rates between the Southern Pacific an

> hauling copper. Important to Teachers and Educators.

Globe being \$35 per ton for merchan

(Tucson Daily Citizen,) Mr. Strauss the Superintendent of Public Instruction has made the fol lowing arrangements with the Rail Roads and Stage Liveries in the Te . ritory for teachers and those connected with the cause of education to attend the meeting of the National Educational Association in San Francisco, July 17-20. The Arizona & New Mexico Reilway Co. from Clifton to Lordsburg, the New Mexico & Arizona Railroad Co. from Nogales to Benson, Prescott & Arizona Central Railway one half fare. The Southern Pacific Mr. Dinsmore was a director in the these liberal provisions it is hoped Ariwill be furnished in due time. With zona will make a creditable representation at the meeting.

[Wilcox Stockman.]

The present rate at which cattle are deserving need of others, and his charities assessed is exorbitant and should be were large and given with discrimination. resisted. The law says that property He was a liberal patron of the arts. His shall be assessed at its "cash value"collections of paintings, statuary and bric- that is, what it would bring if put up a-brac were large and indicative of a at sale. We all know that there is no trained and true judgment in their se- band of cattle in Cochise county that would bring \$12 per head, all around. if put at auction to-day, the price at which they are assessed. We have put our cattle in at \$8 per head, and propose to resist the collection of taxes on them at a higher rate. Will other stockmen stand in with us? If your assessments have already been made, hasten to file your protests, and give with extraordinary success.-New York notice that you will resist the collection of taxes at the present rate. If stockmen will stand in together and "How do you like this new hat of mine, resist the attempted outrageous rate they will be able to effect a reduction. THEO, F. WHITE,

> Mr. John H. Norton returned from Fort Wingate on Sunday night. On arriving here he was well pleased on finding a telegram from New York awaiting him, announcing that he had cen awarded the contract to furnish 1,000,000 pounds of beef during the coming fiscal year to the Indians on the San Carlos Agency. The figure at J. C. LOSS, Ag't Casa Grande. WM. E. GUILD, Ag't, Florence. which Mr. Norton is awarded the contract is a good one. Among other important contracts that this gentleman has secured is one for twelve hundred tons of hav at Fort Grant. There is no more energetic and progressive bus

President Chiricahua Cattle Co.

Norton.-Stockman.

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WM E. GUILD, Guardian Dated at Florence, May 19th, 1987.

iness man in Arizona that John H.